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A Sunday Morning with Daudet.

AFTER a sojourn of many years in the Marais—the Paris of the Seventeenth Century,—Alphonse Daudet crossed the river and settled in the Faubourg St. Germain—a favored quarter during the Eighteenth Century. We need not expect, however, to find him installed in the Champs Elysées: the attractions of the Nineteenth Century have no charm for him: one is a poet, or one is not. On Sunday morning, as early as nine o'clock, in his cosy library, he is under arms—ready for any tournament which a variety of impressions may suggest. And very charming and at his ease he is, in these moments, not always recreative for him, now that his health has become so delicate that he must give much that is left of the old vigor to preserve the remnant. As he sits on a narrow sofa moodily changing his pose, his head outlined against the window out of which nothing but the winter sky and distant gardens are visible, the profile is scarcely what his photographs prepare us to expect. Without greatly exaggerating the characteristics of the strikingly handsome face, they make it appear too dashing. His face is *finer*; even the abundant hair falling in long unstudied curls gives him none of that *giaour* look which his portraits bear; his expression is rather that of one who beholds far-off visions, ever crowding the mind without finding a resting-place.

He was talking of the tribulations of an author's life, dazzling us now and then by some unheard-of simile or original phrase, and gliding easily from one striking statement to another—not like a talker who knows his good things will be noted, but one pleased to revel in his own language. 'On one occasion Henry James was with us when we were *entre-nous*—that means Zola, Goncourt, Maupassant and Lotti—Lotti, whose future I predicted when first his talent was revealed to us. It was like uncorking a flagon of unknown perfume. Henry James looked at us, and we looked at him. "What a happy set you are!" said he. "Happy?" we all exclaimed at once. Where is the happiness in the state of continual preoccupation and uneasiness when we are at work on a new book—the preparatory researches, the laborious putting of thoughts upon paper, the constant misgivings, the doubts of success when the book appears? And afterwards no rest, but only to begin again; and to find as age advances each book more difficult to write than the one before it! And then to have one's property stolen! We discover new formulas, new combinations of words, a personal way of balancing and concluding a chapter. We turn all this to present account, and hope to make further use of it in the future. But what happens? It is imitated; cheap travesties of it are paraded through the streets. A month after "Sapho" appeared, I had twenty imitators. Fancy a woman's setting aside her nice little shoes, saying to herself "I shall always have something neat to wear;" and when she looks for them, finding that the servants have been wearing them, and have put them all out of shape!

'The literary socialist is the most indelicate, I grant you. But if the boss-builder wears a blue cap, he mustn't complain of the dingy imitations of his journeymen, who are

striving to share a little of his success. The greed of money is undeniably the great stimulus of too many literary workers. If I wished, I could make as much money as any specialist, whether dentist or oculist, because I have had good luck. But I always write with an artistic purpose; it is only when I make my terms that I leave art out of the question; and I assure you I stick for the most advantageous. I may even say that I have raised the prevailing prices in literature. The fortune I have made for my family has not been made by writing expressly for money. I never did that but once, when I dictated a story called "La Belle Nivernaise" for *The Youth's Companion*.'

'As souvenirs are never mercenary,' I suggested, 'why have you not added your reminiscences of Flaubert, whom you knew so well, to those of Tourguéneff and Mistral which you have contributed to *The Century*?' 'I haven't the time to write for magazines,' he answered—as if I had broached a subject he did not care to follow. 'I saw Mistral while in the South last summer. I heard that he was visiting in a château near where I passed, and sent him a message by a shepherd. Two hours later he appeared, and we travelled as far as Tarascon together during the vintage. We saw on the roadside a huge iron cross bearing on its rusty arms an immense bunch of grapes, such as might have been brought from the Land of Canaan. It was the homage of the peasants to divinity, no doubt, but a truly pagan sentiment.' The impression of this picturesque occurrence is the key to Daudet's talent. It proves how sensitive his nature is to the *mise en scène* of any detail he meets on his way. He only sketched this impression, but we felt that a scrap of the blue sky, a fleck of the sunshine, had remained in his heart, like the warm influence of the wine of the land that had nourished him. The shepherd, the cross, the glow—all the elements were there,—a poem ready for the mould.

'So you are not an irretrievable Parisian?'

'No, I love the country. What charms me in Paris is the phosphorus. There is a certain quality that can be found nowhere but in Paris; I like my board to sparkle with it. When for several hours at a stretch we can strike fire from our neighbor until the sparks make us dizzy, the tonic stimulates us for a whole week. But I love the country, and when I weary of the obligatory fallacy of declaring that I am not at home, I go to my country house, ten leagues from Paris, to lose myself. It is so comforting not to hear the doorbell tinkling, even when I have said I am not at home!'

M. Daudet very candidly confesses not answering the voluminous correspondence which gives him so many peeps into the lives of others. 'The hundreds of misses asking for autographs; ladies knowing how good I must be from my books, who ask a *dot* for a girl who finds it impossible to marry without one, or to purchase the country-place of a sister-in-law, so she can smooth a family embarrassment! Last week I received a letter from some Algerian official, asking me to replace the funds of the State which he had indiscreetly employed. And the love-letters!—my wife answers the gravest of them. In short, my life has been tormented and harassed.'

'The penalty of making one's name a household word, as Charles Dickens would have said.' A translation of this appellative enchanted M. Daudet. 'Tell me, is Charles Dickens still considered a great writer?' he asked, musingly. 'Some of the moderns, whose names I dare say you never heard, call his powers trickery. Tolstoi says his works alone would perpetuate the English language. But some of your happiest inspirations have been charged to Dickens.' 'And even lately,' assented M. Daudet, with something of sadness in his voice, 'Tourguéneff says of me from beyond the grave: "Daudet is a nullity; he imitates Dickens, and his friends consider him an intriguing Southerner." Whatever may be the opinion of this worthy dead as to my writings, the rest is startling, coming from a man who professed great friendship for me, sat at my table, and kissed my children. It is a pretty bold assertion from that double-faced Slav,

that my friends regard me as an "intriguing Southerner;" it is very well known how little restraint I use in saying the disagreeable things I have had to say in my life. My wife never liked that *grand Russe*, as she called him. Women have keener powers of divination than men.

After an attempt to analyze the cruelty that breaks out unaccountably when latent in the nature of a Slav, the conversation turned to Tolstoi's doctrines, which M. Daudet does not hesitate to say are impossible of application. 'Shooting up into the azure, to come down blackened and diminished is as far from a right course as plunging into the excesses of pessimism. Theories don't apply to all alike. To give one's attention and heart to the moulding of the next generation is not such a bad service to mankind and to one's country.' At this moment two young men entered the library, and after a word of greeting to those present passed out. 'There,' said M. Daudet, 'is my eldest son; in a few days he will be twenty.' 'Then he will read "Sapho." 'Yes, he has invited a few friends to meet at the Café Voltaire for the occasion; but I am sure he has rehearsed the ceremony in private. *Eh bien!* he has not yet shown signs of a conversion to Schopenhauer, though he has passed through the usual depressing ordeals of a medical student's career. My reward will be later, when he says that his father was his best friend.' The second son is an artist at heart, a lover of plastic beauty—of beauty in all its forms. A little girl of fourteen months completes the family circle.

One of the characteristic traits of Alphonse Daudet, one that constitutes his chief charm, is that he has preserved his individuality. Paris, which too often turns its pets into obedient slaves, has not changed him. He has not allowed himself to be conquered. He has adopted the tastes of the vulgar no more than their language. Not that he holds the world cheap, but he finds it too easily pleased and satisfied with sham values. His courteous disdain is sheathed with good-fellowship. 'What do I care for the customary exchange of meagre remarks? It is like passing worn-out coppers, sleek with sameness. I prefer talking with a newsdealer, or a white-bloused stone-cutter, if he can tell me something I never heard before. Sometimes my wife drags me to a dinner, but I always come out with the same sensation. The expression of a truth, of a sincere sentiment, in society, jars the whole table. *Br-r-r!* it goes—as if a collision had occurred while we were dining on a steamer.'

The first years of Alphonse Daudet's literary life were those of a happy, careless mortal, who sought refuge in poetry. To note impressions filled the measure of his ambition until the age of thirty, when it dawned on him that he was making no marks death would not wipe out—and his ambition is to live. To make amends for the years when his active mind had not been drilled to the maximum production of work, he would sometimes spend eighteen, twenty hours at a stretch before his writing-table, pausing only to take a hasty meal. Ambition drew from him the literary surprises the public is acquainted with, and not altogether a desire for luxury. He thinks, however, that the endurance of trials and privations is necessary to an understanding of the great public. 'If the writer could be a convict, without being a felon or a murderer, he would be richer for the experience of feelings otherwise out of his range. If one can pass through the ordeal of poverty he will be a better man for it. Duration—ah! there is the test; when the hair begins to turn grey and you are still engaged in the struggle, the time for concession has come. The spirit is broken; what would have revolted at the outset is admitted. I was sixteen when I came to Paris and had to earn my living. The dear old people who were in the country wrote me often to send them a little money: it was very little that a lad of sixteen could send.'

The little clay pipe had gone out, and as he shook the ashes to refill it, I remarked: "Le petit Chose" also was addicted to smoking pipes.'

'Yes,' he replied simply. LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

Reviews

Lea's History of the Inquisition.*

MR. LEA'S History, the first and second volumes of which are now published, begins at that period, near the end of the Twelfth Century, when the Church was the mistress of Christendom. The work of conquest was complete; and, like all completed conquests of thought, the end of it was the signal for the beginning of decay. The servants of the Church constituted a victorious army encamped in a conquered country; and having no more fighting to keep them well employed, they fell into evil ways—of which the more conspicuous were sloth, greed, avarice, cruelty, and the lusts of the flesh. This was the slack-water time following the flood-tide. The turn in the tide was inevitable. As Christian profession and Christian practice became more and more widely sundered, the revolt of the solid common sense of humanity—the basis of every justifiable revolution that the world has known—set in.

From the moment when the perceptible collapse of practical Christianity in the daily lives of its avowed ministers caused rebellion within the Church itself; from the moment when the power and forces of the Church ceased to be mainly directed against infidels without and were levelled against 'heretics' within—the doom of the temporal power of the Church, as an institution that had fulfilled its purpose and was outliving its time, was sealed. The cause for wonder is not that the authority of so well-contrived and so well-equipped an organization came at last to be successfully defied, but that the Reformation in which this defiance found substantial expression was delayed so long. As Mr. Lea shows in the work now under consideration—and perhaps even more forcibly in his previously published volumes dealing with the same period—and as is shown in contemporary records as well as in both partial and impartial modern analyses of those times, the conditions of human life under the debased rule of the Church for a long period were so intolerable that the patience of our ancestors under such grievous inflictions is a thing almost impossible to understand.

Yet the explanation is a simple one, and is illustrated by facts everywhere apparent in contemporary history. The Church was the organized ruling power. The 'heretics' were the unorganized mugwumps of the period. Years of misrule were required here in New York before the citizen's Committee of Seventy gave such point and application to outraged popular sentiment that the Tweed ring was crushed. In the case of a people far less keen in mental processes and far less resolute of purpose than modern New Yorkers; oppressed, moreover, by a power which—we always must remember—rested upon fundamental principles of such purity and beneficence as to command even now the unqualified admiration of the mass of enlightened mankind; which was the only refuge afforded to the weak and oppressed; which operated through the subtle agencies of superstitious dread and hope; which played upon the carnal passions of hate and love, and upon the whole range of moral qualities from pride to charity—in the case of such a people, so oppressed, the revolt very reasonably required almost four centuries to come to a successful issue.

During these four centuries the fight went on steadily inside the Church. If the opposition at any one time had been organized and concentrated, it would have been instantly successful. But—and this is the strongest evidence of the decadence of the Church as an institution—it was scattered over all Christendom. As the many insurrections developed themselves, they could be, and were, crushed in detail by a force that probably at no time after the disaffection fairly began greatly outnumbered the rebels; a force that almost certainly for the last hundred years that the fight went on was in a clear minority. It was the case of a well-organized

* A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. By Henry Charles Lea. 3 vols. Vols. I and II. \$3 per vol. New York: Harper & Bros.

police-force handling a mob: and the police court of the period was the Tribunal of the Inquisition.

The Inquisition was a necessary outgrowth of the conditions of the times. The situation was a most anomalous one. Such had been the drift of events that, speaking broadly, the most dangerous enemies of the faith which the party in power professed but did not practice, were enthusiasts who asserted the faith in its purity and did practice it. How wide the gulf between the principles of the primitive Church and the practices of the Church of the Middle Ages had become, is sufficiently shown by the fact that this reversion to the principles and practice of the earlier time constituted 'heresy.' Complicated with this extraordinary inversion of religious affairs were diversions of human thought into lines of belief which even now from the standpoint of Christianity would be deemed heretical. Echoes of dead creeds remained, and with these were found revivals of creeds crushed down but not eradicated; while the strange temper of the times led naturally to the development of a religious mysticism that was subtly and dangerously at odds with the fundamentally pure, clear doctrine of Christianity. All of these forces together were sapping the strength of the Church: but no machinery existed by which the Church, as it then was organized, could deal tangibly with the various forms of abstract thought which so tangibly menaced its spiritual supremacy and its material power. Apparatus was required by which 'heresy' of every sort, alleged and real, might in the first place be discovered, in the second place be proved, and in the third place be punished. It was to meet this need that the Tribunal of the Inquisition was invented and made operative: and how well it accomplished the purpose for which it was designed is shown by the fact that a revolt which gave strong indications of its wide extent and vigorous vitality in the Twelfth Century actually did not culminate until the Sixteenth.

But the Inquisition was far from being an immediate perfect creation. In a general way, so far as its declared principles and purposes were concerned, it remained always what it was at first; but the crudities of its primitive organization and of its early workings gradually gave place to finished smoothness as its modes of procedure were perfected and its organization as a homogeneous body exercising jurisdiction throughout Christendom was made more and more complete. And in its later stages it acquired such strength that it not infrequently affronted itself against the power which had created it and, at least temporarily, fairly defied the authority of the Church. It became, indeed, one of the most potent weapons possessed by the mendicant orders in their warfare against the secular clergy; and it was used unsparringly in this conflict in countless cases where the 'heresy,' real or charged, was immaterial to the points actually at issue. Finally, as a political tool and as a tool of personal malice—exceedingly dangerous to the user, to be sure—it possessed an overpowering strength. Being thus established in society and politics, and being established not only within but actually upon the Church, the power of the Inquisition extended—excepting only the British Islands, Denmark, and Scandinavia—throughout the Christian world.

The first volume of Mr. Lea's work, devoted to the 'Origin and Organization of the Inquisition,' lays the foundations upon which he builds; the second, treating of 'The Inquisition in the Several Lands of Christendom,' works out in detail the motives of his theme; in the third volume, a still more minute examination will be made of 'Special Fields of Inquisitorial Activity.' The work as a whole, as it fairly may be judged from the two-thirds now published, is a broad and deeply interesting study, of the spiritual and intellectual movements of the Middle Ages, enlightened by most edifying considerations of the legal, moral, and social conditions of the times. The fruits of Mr. Lea's researches in mediæval history are so well known, and so highly appreciated, that it suffices to say of his present work that in all respects it conforms to the high standard of excellence es-

tablished in his 'Superstition and Force' and 'History of Sacerdotal Celibacy.' Here, as in those admirable volumes, we find constant proofs of a scholarly thoroughness and judgment in the collection of material from a wide field; of a logical clearness in digesting the material so secured; of caution in all declarations of fact, and of care in substantiating every statement by abundant references to authorities. And these most desirable attributes of a sound historical method are fused in a style that is at once simple, dignified and clear. Save that at times Mr. Lea suffers himself to be a little carried away by an indignation as natural as it is righteous, and that occasionally he charges against the Church sins which fairly enough might be attributed to the depraved human tendencies of the times, there is nothing to be spoken of his book but praise. And even this suggestion of dispraise must be qualified by the express statement that it applies only in a few instances and within very narrow bounds. Speaking generally, the contrary is the rule. Never has a writer treated a subject which, in certain of its phases, could not but be intolerable to him with a greater tolerance; never has a theme so likely to arouse the spirit of combativeness been dealt with in a manner more calmly philosophic. Actuated by the scholarly desire to write pure history (in so far as this ever is possible), Mr. Lea has presented with extraordinary impartiality the facts which he has gathered, and for the most part has left to his readers the making of deductions and inferences.

Because of these qualities which it possesses—supposing, as we reasonably may, that the third volume will be as good as the two now published—Mr. Lea's History may be said not only to have superseded all existing works treating of the Inquisition (which would not be very high praise) but to have made further treatment of the subject within the range of time which he has covered, unnecessary. His book must be henceforth a classic, for in it alone will be found a practically impartial, comprehensive massing of the facts, religious, political and social, which together constitute the history of the rise and development of one of the most extraordinary institutions the world has ever known.

The "Key to North American Birds."*

THE third edition of the standard work on American ornithology, Coues's 'Key to North American Birds,' differs from the second edition, published in 1884, only in the preface and appendix. Recent advances—or, more frequently, merely changes—have been made for the most part in nomenclature only. To introduce these, and the few discoveries actually made, in the body of the book, would require the procuring of a new set of plates, and it has not been thought worth while to do this. The reader who is familiar with the former editions of the work will, therefore, turn at once to the appendix for the information which brings it up to date. He will there find that the nomenclature of the checklist of the American Ornithologists' Union, adopted in 1885 and published in 1886, differs in many particulars from that of the 'Key.' He will find, for instance, that *turdus migratorius* must not be called *merula migratoria*; and that *troglodytes domesticus*, the common eastern house-wren, is to be known in future, as *troglodytes ædon*. He will find also that many new species which are not new discoveries, are recognized in the Union list, and are admitted as good by Dr. Coues. Thus, in addition to the three species of bluebirds in the body of the 'Key,' there is admitted *sialia sialis azurea*, the azure bluebird of southern Arizona, which differs from our common eastern bluebird in being of a slightly greener shade of blue and in having a longer tail. Other species are admitted as a consequence of the Union's decision to include Lower Californian birds in the North American avifauna. But, again, there have been a few real acquisitions, such as that of the chestnut-fronted titmouse, well distinguished from other species, found last year in Bee

* Key to North American Birds. By Elliott Coues. Illustrated. 3d edition. \$7.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

County, Texas, and of course not included in the Union check-list. It is decidedly a convenience to be able to gain all such information quickly from the parallel columns of the appendix, instead of being obliged to look backwards and forwards for it, in a book of nearly 900 pages.

The body of the work being in all respects the same as in the second edition, it is only necessary to add that it contains practical advice on collecting; an introduction to general ornithology adapted to the purpose of acquainting the reader with the anatomical facts on which systematic ornithology is based; and a concise account of every species of living and fossil birds north of the Mexican boundary and including Lower California. It is abundantly illustrated with wood-cuts and drawings giving specific marks; and, to illustrate the division on anatomy, besides many engravings after Haeckel, Nitsche and others, there is a large colored frontispiece giving the anatomy of a pigeon, as a type of bird structure.

"Lotus and Jewel" and "After Paradise."*

THE recently published volume by the author of 'The Light of Asia' (1) contains three long poems and a number of shorter ones. 'In an Indian Temple' is the most interesting of the former; it is picturesque, philosophical, lightened with lyrics, and suggestive in its presentation of a strange group,—English 'Saheb,' grave Hindoo priest, and brown Nautch-girl,

Twangling the tight-stretched vina-string
To yield shrill notes, while she did sing
Of Love.

The inmost kernel of the poem seems to be in the differing impressions produced upon his two hearers by the Englishman's story of Sita and Vitto; the Nautchnee, strangely enough, instinctively taking a view more in accordance with Western ideas of morality than the wise Govind, 'Shiva's calm servant,' to whom the duty of 'distributing to the necessity of saints' appears paramount even to that of preserving the marriage bond. 'Right,' says the Saheb, 'splits midway, on the edge of Manu's rules.'

Your Indian systems lack
Two points we Westerns boast—the love of man
For God's love, Who hath made him; and this Law—
That because Right is right we follow Right.

'A Casket of Gems' is a set of poems on jewels, the initial letters spelling the name 'Fanny Maria Adelaide'—truly a merciless collection of a's, which has driven the poet to the expedient of introducing an Aureus of the Roman Empire 'amid these jewelled treasures.' The work is, as might be expected, rather mechanical; the color is lavish, and here and there one may find a pretty legend or a happy application, but the effect of the whole is wearisome. 'A Queen's Revenge' is translated from the Virāta Parva of the Mahābhārata. It deals with the sojourn of the five Pandu Princes, in disguise, at the court of King Virāta of the Matsyas. Their Queen-Consort, Dranpadi, is pursued by Kichaka, captain of the King's armies; who, in revenge for his insults, istreacherously slain by the Pandu Prince Bhima. This picture of primitive passions is disagreeable, but no doubt possesses interest for the special student. Of the shorter poems, the most notable are 'A Rajpūt Nurse' and 'The Snake and the Baby'; the latter is awkwardly done, and defaced by such phrases as 'the horrible mottled murder of [a cobra's] mouth.'

A book of verse more melodious and polished than that of Mr. Arnold, which yet may share with his the epithet 'unimpulsive,' is Owen Meredith's 'After Paradise' (2). The series of legends is carefully planned; the smoothly-rolling lines are embellished with alliteration,—not overdone,—and neat antithesis; the periods are turned after the fashion of a skilled workman. The introductory parable of

* 1. Lotus and Jewel. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
2. After Paradise; or, Legends of Exile: with Other Poems. By Robert, Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). \$1.25. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

the titlark singing in the deserted temple is especially graceful. But it is no spontaneous bird-song which now arises from this fane that once echoed the divine voice of Milton. This is music born of artifice.

The legends of the first group, entitled 'Man and Woman,' relate how the exiled Adam besought of the armed Archangel the gift of forgetfulness; whereupon the Seraph cleft Eternity in twain with his sword, severing the Future from the Past.

Upon the night-bound plain,
In two vast fragments, each a dim surmise,
Eternity had fallen—one part toward man,
The other part toward man's lost Paradise.

The process strikes one as oddly material. A single gleam of the glory of Eden, entering into the slumber which immediately descended upon Adam, became a dream. The 'rare brief moments' wherein vague remembrances of this dream subsequently visited his soul, were called by him 'the Poetry of Life,' 'the Voices of the Passions of the Pit,' 'the Voices sweet of Man's Consolers,' and the pure Voices of the Stars,' surrounding his sleep, caused in his dream 'wavering images.'

The echoes of those sounds made visible.

Long afterward, his sons endeavored to recall to him those mysterious images by words, forms, and colors; but these means failed, because definite, whereas the art Adam sought was infinite. At last Jubal, descended from Cain, and hence gifted through 'ancestral consciousness of death' with keenest sensation, discovered the secret of Music. Eve, warned by the serpent, had closed her eyes before the fall of the Archangel's blade, and thus retained in their depths 'a faint reflection of the brightness of Paradise.'

Reveal'd in Woman's gaze Man seems to see
The wish'd-for Eden he hath lost,

and the unending search for Paradise in Woman is called Love. Lastly, the Ideal, 'the Ghost of Human Loveliness,' is Adam's memory of the Eve of Eden, unobliterated by the seraphic sword, since Eve was not present in Eden when it smote,—a theory certainly ingenious.

The legends of the second series deal with the relations of Man and Beast. 'The Legend of the Dead Lambs' has a characteristic sad cynicism, and is told with effective simplicity. Of the other poems in the charming little volume, 'Prometheia,' with its clever sleeve-laughter, is perhaps the most remarkable. 'Cintra' is Browning-like in manner, and in its unconventional nature-painting.

Prof. Fisher's Church History.*

IT WAS a happy thought in Prof. Fisher, who is as popular a writer as he is a learned teacher, to tell the story of the Christian Church in one volume. A life-long study of his many-sided theme, severe culture in languages and literature, with constant practise in periodical and book writing, joined to the inward graces of candor and impartiality, form his well-known equipment for such a task. His method, too, is rather unusual with Church historians, and will have the result of interesting in his theme many persons to whom it is unattractive. Instead of dissecting from 'secular' history, or the story of mankind, what is called 'sacred' history, Dr. Fisher treats the events of the Church and of Christianity in connection with what is of universal human interest. Politics and religion are shown to be, or to have been in former ages, nearly inseparable. Until we come to the formation of the Government of the United States, we cannot fairly make a complete division between the two factors. Another idea of the author's is finely carried out in these readable pages, and that is a view of the growth of doctrine. All 'old,' 'settled,' 'sound,' 'orthodox' dogma of to-day was, we find, once 'new theology,' and frightened folks by its novelty in the days of parchment and stylus, even as it now causes

* History of the Christian Church. By George Park Fisher. \$3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

commotion in these times of type and telephone. Church history is now brought down to the common people, and theology must be taught by the historic method. Both for people and pastor this manual is invaluable. After a clear introduction, the author enters upon his theme, which he divides into three great divisions and nine periods. The first or Ancient Era covers the initial Christian century, the founding of the Church in the Roman Empire, and in the Germanic nations. The Mediæval Era stretches from Charlemagne to Luther's theses. The Modern Era treats of the Reformation, and more recent developments of faith. It is hard to declare which part is the most valuable, but the final chapters are to us the most fascinating.

In mechanical arrangement, the book is a delight. It is handy, not heavy, has eight clear and well-colored maps, a chart of religious statistics of the world, two appendices with lists of General Councils, and Popes from Gregory I. to Leo XIII., and a first-rate index covering thirty pages. The style is easy; and the text is kept free from dates and cumbering matter by printing names, paragraphic heads, biographical and chronological data in spaces let into the side of the page. Period and era are also printed at the top. In general characteristics, this book reminds us of the best work of English publishers, while to an industry and scholarship equal to a German's, we have in the matter of the book, the clear, strong grasp and firm touch of one of the foremost American scholars and writers. It is the most human story of the divine institution of the Church we have yet read. It is the work of a deeply reverent, critical, honest, and healthily human soul and hand.

English Literature, Language and History.*

WHY another history of English literature? Taine's great and influential work remains unrivalled for stimulating force and originality of critical view, despite its distortions of our Anglo-Saxon perspective, and such preposterous Gallicisms as the attempt to set Byron's 'Manfred' above Goethe's 'Faust.' Of smaller hooks, the 'Primer' of Stopford Brooke is practically unsurpassable; while lesser writers and manuals may be numbered by the score. This new enterprise, led by Mr. Saintsbury (1), justifies its place by its assignment of the four leading periods to as many specialists. Mr. Saintsbury takes the Elizabethan division, and is first in the field; Mr. Brooke will discuss the period from the Anglo-Saxons to Surrey; Mr. Gosse the Eighteenth Century; and Prof. Dowden the Nineteenth Century. England swarms, just now, with competent critics of the second class, such as Gosse, Dobson, Lang, Dowden, Saintsbury, Symonds, Stephen, Traill, A. W. Ward, T. H. Ward, and Morison; any one of whom is able to turn out in six months a neat and praiseworthy history of English or French literature, a selection of lyrics, a neat edition of a classic, a biography, or an edited series, with perhaps an original poem or novel thrown in; while Mr. Churton Collins and the *Quarterly* lie in ambush. Mr. Saintsbury, in his preface, is forewarned and forearmed: 'I shall not,' he says, 'feel deeply convicted of sin, if it turns out that I have dated this poet's "Tears of Melancholy" in March, 1593, when the true date is May, 1595; or asserted that the poet's grandmother was Joan Smith, who is buried at Little Peddlington, instead of Jane Smith, who was married at Kennaquhair;' for these things 'are but ancillary, if even that, to the history of literature in the proper and strict sense.' Mr. Saintsbury, however, treads on firm ground; he is master of his field; he writes competently and originally, from first-hand knowledge; and he is even bibliographically helpful in his first index. Take half a dozen themes at random—his treatment of the Authorized Version as an English classic; of the pseudo-Shakespearean plays; of Cyril Tourneur and

Middleton; of Sir Thomas Browne; of Suckling; of Bacon,—on all Mr. Saintsbury says something worth reading, although not precisely what his predecessors or followers, perhaps, will assent to. It is high praise to say that a new history of what he calls 'the greatest period of the greatest literature of the world' is so freshly valuable as to be worth studying and owning; but such praise is deserved. The prose style of Mr. Saintsbury, the occasional slovenliness of which has been pointed out in THE CRITIC, has somewhat improved; but strange to say, it is now evidently influenced by that of Mr. Swinburne, which we had certainly supposed unlikely to lose its principal characteristic—that of loneliness.

Dr. Roemer's 682 large and compactly printed pages (2) are worth adding to any but the best philological libraries, though they claim to be no more than a compilation of statements on, and linguistic and literary illustrations of, our tongue down to Caxton's time. The strictly Early English portion is not very fresh; its authorities do not include some of the latest and best; and the author's carelessness extends to the very names of authors and titles of books. The voluminous accounts of the 'Fusion of Anglo-Norman French and Anglo-Saxon English,' and the learned appendix (of nearly 200 pages) on 'French Sources of Modern English' are, however, distinctly fresh and valuable additions to our sources of study of the language. Dr. Roemer's copious citations, in these divisions of his handsome volume, will be very serviceable for students remote from large libraries, for the debt of English to French is hardly properly acknowledged by most English authorities. The volume is handsomely produced.

Mr. D. H. Montgomery's 'Leading Facts in English History' (3), though of humbler rank than the books just mentioned, is comprehensive and clear; its close division by topics and sub-topics fits it for text-book use; and it is intelligently prepared with the best new authorities at hand. The maps are below the publishers' usual standard.

Recent Fiction.

IT IS A charming 'Flock of Girls,' more or less Bostonian, to which Miss Perry has introduced us (Ticknor & Co.); the blackest lamb of all being only of a light gray, and coming out pink-and-white again after a single plunge in the cold waters of good counsel. These stories deal with the natural and legitimate interests of very young girlhood—with school-life and its temptations to self-conceit and envy and hasty judgment; with home life and its easily overlooked responsibilities. They are wholesome in tendency, free from false or premature sentiment, and heartily to be recommended. The tale of 'Margaret'—whose soft-heartedness, reproached as weakness by her practical friend, leads her to bestow upon her dirty, rebellious little *protégée* an elaborately-dressed French doll, a gift seemingly inappropriate but salutary in effect,—is full of suggestiveness, and may be taken as an example of the writer's unobtrusive but steady purpose. The book is prettily illustrated.

'AN AMERICAN PENMAN' (Cassell & Co.) shows a distinct gain over the two preceding stories of the Hawthorne-Byrnes series, in introducing to a greater degree the life, fortunes, and misfortunes, of a higher class of people. Crime that links together the high and the low, the rich and the poor, is always more picturesquely available for literature than that restricted to either class alone. In the novel of the 'Penman' we have an impecunious Russian nobleman whose fate we follow with undeniable interest. The part of the story which relates the loss of his funds in New York while still having to keep up appearances, is after all the most dramatic part of it, although told with perfect simplicity. One reads it far more carefully and sympathetically than the stirring episodes towards the close, which appear to be more dramatic on the face of things, but which inspire less genuine interest than the simpler realism of a poor man's suffering comprehended by an intellectual man's sympathy.—IN Octave Thanet's 'Knitters in the Sun' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), we have a collection of fine short stories—deep, piquant, and beautiful. We have read and admired them already in the magazines, but they are worthy of a permanent place in any library. Perhaps the best of them is 'The Bishop's Vagabond,' so full of exhilarating humor and sympathetic perception, with a touch of tenderness; but all of them are far above the average short story in originality, wit, and insight into human nature.

* 1. A History of Elizabethan Literature. By George Saintsbury. (History of English Literature, Part II.) \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2. Origins of the English People and of the English Language. By Jean Roemer, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 3. The Leading Facts of English History. By D. H. Montgomery. Revised edition. \$1.25. Boston: Ginn & Co.

MISS PHELPS's delightful story of an 'Old Maid's Paradise' is now bound in one volume with her 'Burglars in Paradise' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which is even more delightful than the earlier story. These two new stories show her humor at its best, utterly free from any complication with the flowery diction which occasionally disfigures her novels, and we can wish our readers no pleasanter enjoyment than to take up this most entertaining little volume. 'Miss Phelps,' said someone recently, 'is one of the things I am grateful for.' It is refreshing to meet with this fine work, realistic at the core even if sometimes overlaid with too luxuriant bloom; at times tenderness itself, again abounding with humor so keen as to be near akin to wit; and always noble, sensitive and true. There are touches of rare beauty in her 'Paradise,' such as the description of the dory full of blossoming nasturtiums; and what could better bring to the fancy the ideal September weather than her allusion to the 'blue-and-gold days'? As for the fun in the book, we can only say that Puelvir quite rivals Mr. Stockton's Pomona on her own ground; and in her exposition of the business methods of some men, we fancy that the gentleman who tells the heroine that 'in a sense she may be said to understand' business complications, will wish he had not allowed the lady to understand him quite so well.

IN 'COUNTRY LUCK' (J. B. Lippincott Co.), Mr. John Habberton has produced a mild and rather commonplace piece of work. A hero who exclaims 'My!' when excited, and who is magically transformed, by the mere purchase of a dress-suit, from an awkward rustic youth into 'an awfully stylish fellow'; a heroine originally disposed to consider the said hero, as her lady mother phrases it, 'country,' and 'dreadful common,' but converted by the assumption of the claw-hammer coat, and the admission of the girls of her set that he is 'real fine-looking,' to the opinion that he is 'a splendid gentleman'; on one hand an obliging parent (in the iron trade), of the true old bless-you-my-children type, on the other an equally accommodating farmer father, whose land unexpectedly turns out to be valuable; a little jealousy, on one side, of a certain heiress 'dreadfully old' but 'smart beyond compare,' on the other, of a not totally depraved Wall Street man, which persons, not to be outdone in amiability by the paternal element, follow the example of hero and heroine by pairing off at the close—these are the crude, but uninjurious constituents of a story which has the merit of being fit for the innocuous library of Mr. Podsnap's 'Young Person.'

SINCE we last wrote of Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' its new translation by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, in five volumes (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), has been completed. It is likely to be accepted as the standard translation. While a minute examination and comparison with the original will show that Miss Hapgood occasionally errs in omitting this or that detail (such as the preface to the French edition, and the sub-title to Part IV—'L'Idylle Rue Plumet et l'Épopée Rue Saint Denis'), such an examination will usually bear witness both to her general fidelity and her fidelity in detail. One cannot treat the work of such a writer as Hugo too tenderly, and it will remain for future Hugo *cercles* and societies to visit with malediction, à la Shakespeare, the persons who have laid irreverent hands on his work.—AS AN admirable help to the study of the translation comes the completed work in French, from the presses of Mr. W. R. Jenkins, beautifully printed on clear paper with untrimmed edges. These five volumes furnish a fit specimen of the enormous labors of the wondrous prose-poet who passed from verse to prose, from prose to verse, with the ease of the enchanted princess changing her form, but ever, under all disguises, the same. Most men would content themselves with such a pinch of immortality as this one work, but Hugo?—'Les Misérables' was but one product of his laboratory!

'SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE,' by Harold Frederic, which has been running as a serial in *Scribner's* and now appears in book form (Chas. Scribner's Sons), is 'a study of life in the greater New York.' As such it hardly seems sufficiently distinctive to be recognized as peculiar to any locality without the convenient and necessary sub-title which explains what it is. There is a great deal of dialect, extremely perplexing to the eye and trying to the patience; a really horrible woman, who, granting the possible existence of such women, might exist anywhere else just as naturally as in 'The greater New York'; a rustic aspirant for wider honors than his native place can afford; and considerable politics and journalism of a kind not peculiar to any one division of our country. It cannot be said that the story is a good one. It is tedious, sensational and unrealistic.—IT REQUIRES courage nowadays to write a drama, and especially a drama not intended for the stage. 'Madelena,' by Theodore Davenport Warner (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is confessedly a play merely to be read. Few people care to read blank-verse

by any but a master, and 'Madelena' will hardly repay a lengthened lingering over its meagre plot prolonged by infinite detail. This detail is not half bad at times, and if the author intended by the slowness of his plot to ridicule the tragic sufferings of mightier Othellos over equally foolish occasions, perhaps his work might be said to be rather brightly done. But if he meant tragedy instead of burlesque, he has taken too much pains with his theme.

AN ADMIRABLE facility in description, a great deal of picturesque coloring in treating of the beautiful Hungarian gypsy who became a princess, and much cleverness in scene-painting, very nearly lift 'Marsa,' by Jules Claretie (Rand, McNally & Co.), above the average level of novels treating such themes. Still it is, after all, hardly more than another sensational tale of complex French conjugal infelicities, and to have written it cannot be the honor that to have written parts of it would be. The advertisement that Madame Modjeska will play a dramatized version of the story excites interest, but one wonders how a drama can be made of it; so large a proportion of it is given over to analytical study of emotions and passions, and to events certainly too slight for the stage, however suggestive in literature. One scene in the book is admirable: the visit of the hero to the home of the journalist whom he hates for a deadly insult, and his determination to forego revenge after seeing the piteous home of the offending scribe.

Minor Notices.

THE admirable address on 'The Art of Acting' delivered by Henry Irving before the students of Harvard University is published as a pamphlet by the Dramatic Publishing Co., of Chicago, for twenty-five cents. It is a delightful essay, more especially for its tone—the high moral instinct for 'adequate' work that should be taught to every student of anything. Mr. Irving justly claims for his profession that like every other it should be judged by its noblest, not its poorest, results: if the stage has done any good at all, it is entitled to appreciation, and a just endeavor to see if its frailties cannot be weeded out, to leave only the good. He makes an admirable point in reply to those who dwell on the ephemeral nature of the art of acting, who claim that it creates nothing. If it does not create, it restores. The astronomer and naturalist create nothing, but they contribute to the enlightenment of the world. To remodel the stage and its influence, it is wisest to create respect for the art and the calling; and for this such essays as Mr. Irving's are invaluable.

IT WAS a happy thought of the Putnams to reproduce in such pleasing form the series of English classics which they call Knickerbocker Nuggets—Gulliver's Travels, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Gesta Romanorum,' and some of Irving's Tales. 'The Book of English Ballads,' edited by S. C. Hall, is a gem in binding, print, and beautiful illustrations, which twine and twist about the text like Kenilworth ivy, and enshrine it in wreaths of graceful design. The book suggests the thought, What perfect Christmas cards these old ballads taken from Percy's 'Reliques,' Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy,' and Motherwell, would make, if illustrated in this charming manner! We have lately had a surfeit of illustrated hymns, and the idea of utilizing these famous 'reliques' in the same manner has at least the advantage of freshness. The American edition is abbreviated, so to speak, from the full, annotated English edition, but it contains enough of glossary and explanation to suit the skipping and skimming public. Many of our old friends and favorites are here, smothered in quaintly artistic illustrations—'Chevy Chace,' 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Babes in the Wood,' 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'Robin Hood,' and 'The Clerke's Two Sons.' All these are shut up in a paper-box—not so securely but that one can take one delightful peep after another, the whole being not much bigger than an old-fashioned wallet. It is a joy to have such a book on one's table.

'LIVING VOICES of Living Men' (T. Whittaker) is a volume of some two dozen sermons by as many bishops and clergymen of the Episcopal church, treating of themes related to the inner and outer Christian life. They may be taken as fairly representative of the best thought and utterance of our American divines of that persuasion. Yet from the perusal, one would scarcely discover to what branch of the church militant the authors were to be accredited. Creeds and doctrines are not wholly ignored, but they are not made prominent. The whole spirit and purpose of the discourses is the inculcation of such practical truths as are of everyday need in this busy, vexing, perverse, distracting world, to uplift, to cheer, to strengthen and to inspire. The love of Christ (subjective and objective) is the key-note of the volume, and from this come such strains as tell us of content, purity, work, habits, friends, temptations, worldliness, decision, and paradise.

CHEAP, compact, convenient are the epithets that occur to one on looking into Dr. T. B. Neely's 'Parliamentary Practice' (Phillips & Hunt). Into a twenty-five cent pocket-volume of less than ninety pages, the author has skillfully compressed all the essentials requisite to a knowledge of the rules and usages concerned in the management of deliberative bodies. His explanations though brief are clear, and his work, being based upon the writings of Jefferson, Cushing, Robert (whom he persists in designating as Roberts), and other standard authorities, may be regarded as thoroughly reliable. A very convenient feature is the Table of Motions, from which may be seen at a glance, without turning a leaf all the special points relating to any motion, such as order of precedence, debatability, etc.

THOMAS R. LOMBARD, the part author and part compiler of 'The New Honduras' (Brentano Bros.), frankly declares that his book is written in order to stimulate investment in a country that he believes to be well worthy of attention on the part of capitalists, and that certainly is very little known. Ten years of peace have done much to put this little state on a stable footing—the best evidence of which has been the passage of a compulsory education law and the founding of free scholarships in the University. The climate is hot and wet; fevers are plentiful on the coast; a wagon road 122 miles long has been built at Government cost from the west coast to the mines at Tegucigalpa; 38 miles of railway extend inland from Puerto Cortez on the east coast; Spanish mines, abandoned at the water-level, are plentiful; hard-woods, pita fibre and tropical fruits are abundant on the lowlands near the sea; and the Government is disposed to grant 'concessions' with a truly Spanish-American liberality. It seems to be a country, in short, that an energetic promoter 'could work' to advantage. Mr. Lambert's book is a composite structure, made up of nine chapters which have been written by different hands and which more or less overrun each other. The chapters on mining are the best, and are especially interesting in the light they throw on old-time Spanish mining methods. As a whole, the book has a certain value in that it contains a good deal of seemingly accurate information concerning a region that practically is not known at all.

TO GROW OLD gracefully, usefully, calmly—to make life's decay and its close edifying and serene,—to guard against indolence, selfishness, greed, forgetfulness, discontent, untruth in word or act, and unseemly passion,—to cultivate and evince the graces of reverent and loyal service, repentance for wrong done, forgiveness for wrong received, uncomplaining patience, and that charity that thinketh no evil,—these certainly are objects worthy the attention and desire of every one drawing near the end of this earthly pilgrimage. To the consideration of their attainment 'The Sere and Yellow Leaf,' by Frances M. Wilbraham (Macmillan & Co.), is particularly addressed. Its teachings are helpful and practical, and are enforced by pertinent illustrative examples and incidents gathered from actual experience. The tone of the volume is restful and comforting, and few who act upon its suggestions can fail to become a blessing rather than a burden to themselves and others. —DR. BENSON J. LOSSING'S 'Eminent Americans' (Alden), first published in 1855, and in three subsequent editions kept abreast of the times, now appears in a new and attractive dress, with nine additional sketches, filling some twenty pages. Since the first issue the volume has grown from 407 to 515 pages. Its continued popularity is a proof of its general excellence. The biographical sketches, though brief, are spirited and diversified, and the collection is thus equally adapted for hasty reference as to facts and dates, and for consecutive reading with a view simply to entertainment and general information.

KEMPER BOCK describes his 'Tax the Area' (Lovell) as 'a solution of the land-problem.' Many will doubt its being *the* solution—some will doubt its being even *a* solution; but it is a well-written, interesting, and suggestive book, whether one accepts its theories or not. The author is anxious for reform, but not for Henry George's kind of reform. One of his cleverest hits is the following: 'Reduced to the form of a syllogism, Mr. George's reasoning is as follows: 1. "No property in that which is not the production of labor is right. 2. Land is not the production of labor. Therefore (3) no property in land is right." Follow out this conclusion to its legitimate result, and another syllogism suggests itself: 1. No one can be robbed of that which is not his own property by right. 2. Land is not anyone's property by right. 3. No one can be robbed of land.'" The author's idea is that to tax improvements is to fine one for doing that which is not only a benefit to himself but to the community. He would have two lots of the same size, *in the same location*, taxed exactly alike, even if there happens to be a palace on one and a shanty on the other. He would hasten the day, not when nobody

shall own anything, but when everybody shall own something. During the Pennsylvania riots the place least affected was Philadelphia, the largest centre of manufacturing interests in the State, the reason being that Philadelphia is essentially a 'city of homes,' and the working-men were as anxious for the preservation of peace as the millionaires.

'HOW TO SUCCEED as a Stenographer and Type-writer,' by Arthur M. Baker (Fowler & Wells Co.), is a sensible little pamphlet offering a good deal of miscellaneous information and practical suggestion to the young law reporter, shorthand student, or type-writer operator, with rules for capitals and punctuation, and an excellent chapter on newspaper reporting. The book is one to give both the stenographer and the public a sense of the difficulty of the reporter's work, and the author is especially to be commended for having no cast-iron system to recommend, but reminding his reader constantly that the ability to reach the highest excellence depends less on the system than on the writer. He also lays much emphasis on the necessity of a good general education. The reporter must not only know shorthand; he must understand the historical, political or literary allusions in the work he is to report.—TWO BOOKS are issued by the Scovill Manufacturing Co. in Scovill's Photographic Series, one on 'Photographic Printing Methods' (a practical guide for both professional and amateur workers), by Rev. W. H. Burbank, and the other 'A History of Photography,' by W. Jerome Harrison, with an appendix by Dr. Maddox on the gelatinobromide process.—'GUNETHICS,' by Rev. W. K. Brown (Funk & Wagnalls), is a book on 'the ethical status of women,' endeavoring to prove that the Bible proclaims an equal status for man and woman in both Church and State. It is one of the books that to the general reader hardly seem worth while.

London Letter.

TRADE is dull, especially in literature. Mr. George Routledge has just been telling us that, for goodness knows how many years, he has been publishing at the rate of two books a week. Probably the supply has been co-extensive all over the place; probably it is so still. The lists, indeed, are full as ever; but somehow they are of no particular interest. You read them, and you forget them. In the absence of anything better, *The Athenaeum* prints six or eight columns on Mr. Gleeson White's anthology of 'Ballades and Rondeaux,' which is months old; while 'A. L.,' in his meditations, 'At the Sign of the Ship,' discusses matter so remote (comparatively speaking) as Mr. Stedman on the Victorian Poets. The mention of this latter writer reminds me of the fact, that he shares with Mr. White the honors of the aforesaid *Athenaeum* review. His theory—that we need a crisis here to make our poets serious—is found, I should add, rather untenable than otherwise. Some men were talking it over the other day; and it was agreed that Mr. Lang's enquiry by way of answer, 'How have the Americans profited by their own crisis? had in some sort knocked the bottom out of it.' 'When we reflect,' said one of the interlocutors, 'that the principal results of the Civil War have been the development of Henry James and the adoption of Louis Stevenson—he got no farther. There was an end of 'earnest' discussion.

Mr. Stevenson, I note, has done full justice to his friend and teacher Fleeming Jenkin in the biographical note prefixed to that reprint of Jenkin's essays and reviews which has just been issued by Messrs. Longman. I knew that best and manliest of men for many years, and I can answer for the lifelike quality of this study of him. In its way the Cockshot of the essay in 'Talk and Talkers' is still better, I think. If I were myself to try and touch off Jenkin in a phrase, I should be tempted to say that he was 'intelligence personified'; but the description would be but a half-truth at the best. It takes no account of the admirable human qualities of which 'the Flamer' was compacted; it leaves untouched the singular vivacity and completeness of his emotional endowment. He was none of those who discover the heart of their mystery to the first comer; not to know him well was scarce to know him at all. He was equally intolerant, I think, of stupidity and ill-feeling; and he could be abrupt in speech and unattractive in manner

with the best of them. But to his friends he was a mine of qualities, a continent of most rare differences. He reminded me much of Molière's Alceste and as much, or more, of Molière's Chrysale; he was, as it were, the genius of sincerity, and he was also the very incarnation of commonsense. The basis of his nature was an incorruptible, an almost capacious honesty. He was before all things generous; but he was also before all things just. His heart was of the soundest, his sympathies were beautifully natural and vivid, he was capable of the enthusiasm of approval as of the enthusiasm of aversion. But his integrity was beyond impeachment or reproach; in his pursuit of what he deemed to be the right he was relentless and unsparing as in his condemnation of what he deemed to be the wrong; in Heine's phrase (though he detested Heine) he was a true Knight of the Holy Ghost. In him, too, there was a perennial element of youth. His innumerable studies—of books, men, travel, art and science and existence—had left him boyish. His humanity was too fresh and too potent ever to be quenched in experience; he was always ready to teach, and—this is saying much!—he was always just as ready to learn. They are few who have wrestled a fall with him and been none the wiser for the passage. Of extraordinary quickness of apprehension and almost irritable readiness of sympathy, he had an athletic delight in debate that made his company surprising. He was not always sound in his premises or infallible in his conclusions; indeed, he was very capable of being mistaken, and I have known him theorize, in all seriousness, from an initial blunder as big as the world. He would talk for talk's sake, too, and defend a paradox with as great a gusto, as heated an eloquence, as a conclusion the result of years of experiment and thought. If he gave hard knocks (and he did), he took them with perfect temper: he was too fine an artist in combat not to admire the merits of a good adversary. He was the best and the most aggressive of men; he had a reason to give for anything, particularly his mistakes; and to those who knew him, life in his absence has lacked a certain savor, the secret of which passed with him.

Mr. Hannay's 'Smollett,' in the Great Writers Series, is very sound, capable, vigorous work. Mr. Hannay writes as one with no prejudices to speak of, and with a great deal of information. He was the best man possible to deal with Smollett. He is his father's son—that is to say, he is a born man-of-letters—to begin with; and then, he knows more of the history, political and social, of the British Navy—its physiology, so to speak, as well as its morality—than anybody else I know. He is not, it may be, so fine an artist in portraiture as (say) Brutus is; perhaps, indeed, he doth something smack—something too much—of the plain, blunt man who is not excessively in sympathy with his subject. But he has a vast amount of shrewd commonsense, and his picture of Smollett, albeit its hues are sober and its lines severe, is to my thinking as near the truth as we are like to get. Still better are his pictures of the British sailor of the epoch, and his analysis of Hawser Trunnion and Lieutenant Bowling. For myself, I confess to a particular pleasure in his championship of the character and morals of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble and the excellent Winifred Jenkins. To find these riotous extravaganzas openly admired in what has been called the Age of the Small Change of 'Clarissa Harlowe' gives one a strange and delectable sensation.

Mr. Dobson's 'Goldsmith,' in the same series, is less trenchant and downright work than Mr. Hannay's; but it is as readable, and it is perhaps more thorough. Mr. Dobson, as everybody knows, has Goldsmith and the Eighteenth Century at his finger-ends; how and why it is he has never been asked to prepare a fully annotated edition of the novels (say) of Henry Fielding, is one of those mysteries which nobody, who is not at once a publisher and a prophet, can solve. One would like to have his commentary on 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians,' too, if one were sure that one's Thackeray would not suffer; but this, for various reasons,

is not to be expected. The other thing—the annotated 'Fielding,' or the illustrated Cibber's 'Apology,' or whatever it might be—is, one would think, within the limits of practical publishing. Of the 'Goldsmith,' I need only say that it seems to me to be, so far, the author's best piece of prose. Mr. Dobson's verse is exquisite, as we know—is better felt and better made than that of any of the *diu minores* who are just now putting themselves out for worship in rhyme. His prose has always been a trifle formal and colorless and thin. The present book is written with greater gusto, with a better and riper sense of the material, than anything of the poet's I remember to have seen. All the same, 'tis an odd experience to pass from it to Mr. Lang's new rendering of 'Aucassin and Nicolette.' Here, if you will, is style; here, if anywhere, is prose for its own sake and nothing else. I hear it said that the artist of the 'Letters to Dead Authors' is in some sort a better writer than the artist of 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and there are times when I agree with them that say it. The prose of 'Aucassin and Nicolette' appears to me a real invention in style. 'Tis precious, no doubt, and its range is narrow, and its efforts are none of the strongest; but for brightness and sweetness and (I almost fear to hazard the word) prettiness, I can just now think of nothing to equal it. What has somebody called it?—'The Ecstasy of Quaintness'? The description may be apt or not; but it is certain that only Andrew Lang among living men could have done the work.

In drama there is nothing new except the 'Partners,' which Mr. Robert Buchanan has invented from Daudet's 'Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé' for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It is scarcely a success. What has been described as 'the insincerity of the Practical Dramatist' appears to vitiate it throughout. It may work up into a popular piece, of course; but even this seems doubtful. As for painting, we have the old masters with us once more; and their effect is once more triumphant. Beside them their successors have the look of having learned nothing and forgotten everything. Claude and Velasquez, at Burlington House, and Wilson and Constable, at the Grosvenor Gallery, appear to take more beating than the modern school are prepared to give. The interest and the admiration awakened by the landscape men is, in especial, exhilarating and suggestive. One is half inclined to believe that it is the beginning of the end of Ruskinism. That, perhaps, sounds almost too good to be true; but if signs and symptoms go for anything, 'tis not so far off, after all. Anyhow, a Claude ('The Enchanted Castle') is being discussed in the adjectives hitherto sacred to the lamented Turner; a couple of Wilsons are coming in for a derangement of epitaphs of the same richness and volume; and it is openly asserted everywhere that Constable was a *paysagiste* of singular strength and originality, and withal a very great artist. Add to all this the effect of a Monticelli Exhibition—the first in these latitudes—in Bond Street, and you will see that it is by no means impossible that the cultus of J. M. W. Turner should begin to relish of decay.

LONDON, January, 14, 1888.

H. B.

The Lounger

YALE COLLEGE is ablaze with indignation over the publication in the *Tribune* of a letter charging the athletes, editors, and other representative men of the various classes, with plying their respective vocations for mercenary ends. Categorical denials were printed in the offending paper, last Sunday, over the signatures of the leading oarsmen, baseball and football players, editors, etc., of the University, and the correspondent who set the scandal in motion probably realizes by this time that enterprise may easily outrun discretion. A member of the retiring board of the Yale 'Lit' writes to me to say that I was wrong in saying, last week, that the contest over the admission of an objectionable member of the new board was affected by the relations of editorial with secret-society matters. I was misled on this point by a statement in one of the daily papers; certainly I had no thought of insinuating that the action of the old board was based upon a consideration of anything

but the relative fitness of the candidates, for I am sure that it was not. The member of the new board appointed by the old to fill the vacancy caused by the action of the latter has resigned, so there will be but four editors this year.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has just made an excellent appointment in his promotion of Mr. MacDonald to the head of the Fish Commission, as successor to Prof. Baird. I have seen hints in the papers that the President was sore beset, politically and socially, to make another appointment—and not such a bad one either; but the knowing believe that he has done the right thing. Scientists familiar with the workings of the Commission are the persons best pleased with this appointment, which makes secure the future of this valuable institution.

IT MUST be a pleasant thing for a man who thinks himself moderately well off, to pick up a newspaper and find himself a millionaire. What must be the sensations of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, for instance, as he reads in the exchanges that drift into the office of the *Atlanta Constitution*, a widely-copied paragraph giving the fortunes of certain men-of-letters, in which his wealth is estimated at a million dollars? The figures for Mark Twain's fall behind this by a few hundred thousands. The originator of these 'facts' is not only an imaginative man, but a generous one; for he deals out these fortunes with a lavish hand. One would think, judging from his figures, that authorship paid as well as proprietary medicines. Mr. Clemens is a rich man, I believe; but the creator of 'Uncle Remus' and some of the others whose names occur in the paragraph in question, are very far from being 'bloated bondholders.'

THE CENTURY CO. have about ready for publication the poems of the late Irwin Russell—that unhappy Southern genius who died in his early prime a few years ago. Russell wrote mostly in negro dialect, and was considered by Mr. Harris, who has written a generously appreciative little preface to the book, to be the most successful of the many who have attempted that form of verse. Certainly he was very clever. It seems to me that his poems are to negro dialect what Gottschalk's music is to negro melody. They all have a swinging gait, and you can hear the rhythmic pattering of feet, and see the swaying of the dusky figures in the 'walk-around' as you read. Mr. Russell's book has been most beautifully gotten up, and will find favor as a thing of beauty as well as an interesting contribution to folk-lore.

I HAVE been told, in answer to the question, 'Who gets up the Century Co.'s tasteful book-covers?' that they are due to the good taste and unflagging enthusiasm of Mr. Chichester, who has charge of the advertising department. He doesn't care if a dozen designs are made and thrown aside in the search for one that suits him. Mr. Chichester, by the way, has just gone to Europe with Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, the printer. It is a pleasure-trip, but they hope to get any number of hints for types, initial-letters, head-pieces, tail-pieces and cover-designs, before they come back.

READERS of Harper's Franklin Square Library will rejoice in its new form. Instead of an uncovered folio, with three long columns, it is now a volume somewhat smaller than the magazines, with two short columns of bold clear type—convenient for the hand, and capable of being squeezed into an overcoat pocket. A new feature of the Library will be the printing of all the fiction in blue paper-covers and of the more substantial works in gray. The name of the author appears in bold type at the top of the page, the title following. Thus the book-buyer who is looking for So-and-so's latest novel on the news-stands will find it, without having to handle all the others in the pile.

MISS MARIE A. BROWN, author of 'The Icelandic Discoverers of America'—whose work in this field is described by the *Liverpool Mercury* as 'almost the first really organized effort to pluck the laurel from the brow of our much-lauded Columbus,'—is circulating a petition to Congress for a recognition 'in the approaching celebration at Washington, in 1889, in honor of the Centennial of the Constitution of the United States,' of the discovery of America by Leif Erikson in the year 1000. I can't see that any harm would come of such a compliment to the Icelandic navigator; but every one who signs this petition prays that the celebration 'be according to a plan for a Viking-Exhibition' submitted by Miss Brown herself, who would have a 'Viking-hall' erected and fitted up with suitable relics from Old World museums. I can see no objection to this proposition either, provided the museums would lend us their treasures.

MISS BROWN makes a request less likely to be granted, however, when she urges that Columbus's claim to be the discoverer of America be 'suspended' till she can prove that his achievements have been overrated by the world. She suggests that Mr. B. F. Stevens be authorized to index 'all the records and documents bearing upon the discovery of America in the year 1000, and the colonies that existed in Vinland and Greenland until the year 1540, the date of their extinction.' But even if this suggestion were adopted, with gratifying results to Scandinavian pride, Columbus's service to posterity would remain the same; for it was his discovery, and not Erikson's, that led to the opening of the New World to European emigration.

"Sartor," "Brahma," and the "Forest Hymn."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

WHILE it is undoubtedly petty business to dissect a great author for the purpose of spying out every little parallelism between his work and that of his predecessors, and showing wherein he has consciously or unconsciously imitated them, it is on the other hand interesting to discover, and uncensurable to point out, what seem to be the source-texts of famous literary creations. Not long ago, in reading Dean Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' I noticed a few paragraphs which I think are undoubtedly the germ of Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' I would not of course affirm that Carlyle had conscious remembrance of Swift's expressions when he struck out the idea of 'Sartor'; but it seems pretty certain that he had read them. He makes no allusion to Swift in the book, only remarking that 'Now and then some straggling, broken-winged thinker has cast an owl's-glimpse into this obscure region' (of the clothes philosophy). Here is the account of the matter in Swift:

A sect arose that worshipped a sort of idol who did daily create men by a sort of manufacturing operation. This god had a goose for his ensign. The idol was placed in a sitting posture on an altar, with his legs interwoven under him. His worshippers held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. (Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surcoat; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches? (Edinburgh edition, 1824, Vol. X., pp. 83, 84.)

Here we have the argument of the entire work 'Sartor Resartus'; but with what magnificent robes has Carlyle clothed the meagre text!

I have elsewhere mentioned my discovery of the source of Emerson's well-known mystic poem 'Brahma.' It was while rummaging through a set of the 'Bibliotheca Indica' (Calcutta, 1852), in the Harvard College Library, that my eye was caught by the following pencil-marked passage (Vol. XV., No. 41, p. 105):

If the slayer thinks I slay, if the slain thinks
I am slain, then both of them do not know well.
It [the soul] does not slay, nor is it slain.

This is from the 'Kāthā Upānishad' treating of Brahma. I am not sure but Emerson's own hand had marked the passage. His own stanza is as follows:

If the red slayer think he slays
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass, and turn again.

Another Upānishad says: 'Sitting, it [the soul] goes afar; sleeping, it goes everywhere.' Emerson says: 'I rest on the pitch of the torrent, in slumber I am strong.' Upānishad:

'It is far beyond what is far and near here;' Emerson: 'Far or forgot to me is near.' Upanishad: 'If Brahma is known to be the nature of every thought, he is comprehended;' Emerson: 'I am the doubter and the doubt.'

In Pliny's 'Natural History,' Book XII, chap. 2, I find the following passage: 'The trees formed the first temples of the gods. . . . Indeed, we feel ourselves inspired to adoration not less by the sacred groves, and their very stillness, than by the statues of the gods, resplendent as they are with gold and ivory.' I think it barely possible that Bryant may have read these words at some time in his life preceding the writing of his 'Forest Hymn,' which begins: 'The groves were God's first temples.'

BELMONT, MASS., Jan. 28, 1888.

W. S. KENNEDY.

Arcady in New England.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

HAS not Dr. Holmes somewhere said that people in the country have nothing to do but gossip, except in haying time? This view of agricultural life, entertained by more than one of our novelists, is very charming; but there is apt to be a little disillusion to the rural reader's eye when the writer comes down to details. Mr. F. J. Stimson, for instance, in the latest number of *Scribner's Magazine*, gives this fascinating picture of Great Barrington, Mass., in September:

No one was stirring in the village. In the ploughed uplands a few farmers were idly walking, hither and thither, like generals on the battle-field of their success, tightening a sheaf of fodder or replacing a yellow squash or two, that had rolled off from a summit of the great pyramids standing, piled like cannon-balls, in the cornfields. But the day of sowing was over, and the day of reaping was over, and little remained but to sit and look at the crops and grow fat. Up on the hill the roads were empty—who should travel when there was no need? Even the plodding oxen-teams were idle in their stalls, being fattened and coddled, perhaps, for the annual cattle-show.

Mr. Stimson more than once refers to the great piles of golden squashes lighting up the landscape! However it may be among the romantic Berkshire hills, since the tide of wealth and fashion has overflowed that region—and where squashes have taken the place of pumpkins in general field-culture, the farmer of any other locality known to me has before him, from September on, two full months of the 'tightest nipping' (to use the vernacular) of any time in the year, in order to secure his remaining crops; a process mostly of tedious hand-labor, like the gathering of corn and potatoes, without the aid of such machinery as has made haying and summer harvest very light work. The days are fast shortening, and he does his chores morning and evening by lantern-light; for no time must be lost before winter sets in.

For a realistic picture, even in Paradisiacal Eastern Massachusetts, it seems to me that Mr. Stimson should have shown an occasional luxurious farmer, just for relaxation, climbing the autumnal tinted trees to shake down the golden squashes and ripe turnips from the laden boughs; he should have had the hired man reaping the nodding potatoes and binding them into sheaves ready for the thrasher; or a picturesque figure in the misty uplands, sowing broadcast the field of winter cabbages. The 'cheap boy' of the farm might be represented as searching the vine-covered trellises for the clustering ears of golden corn; while the farmer's wife and children should be seen in the variegated groves tapping the trees for the daily supply of the nourishing lacteal fluid. Our novelist, did he but observe closely, would see that, even in Arcadian Berkshire, there are some quiet agricultural industries in process as late as September.

AMENIA, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1888.

M. B. B.

Wide Awake for February will contain a paper on Rosa Bonheur by Henry Bacon, who has made a portrait of her, which will be reproduced, representing her in the male attire which is her studio dress.

International Copyright.

ON January 7 we gave the names of the houses that had organized a Publishers' Copyright League the previous week. The following have joined since:—American Publishing Co., Hartford; John B. Alden, New York; R. R. Bowker (*Publishers' Weekly*), New York; Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia; Ginn & Co., Boston; Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia; M. L. Holbrook, New York; John W. Lovell Co., New York; D. Lothrop Co., Boston; Geo. Munro, New York; Mark M. Pomeroy, New York; Street & Smith, New York; Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati.

The London *Athenaeum* says:

Mr. Putnam, the well-known publisher, has reprinted in pamphlet form from *The Evening Post* of New York a crushing exposure of the futility of Mr. Pearsall Smith's scheme of copyright by stamps, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Putnam's criticism seems to us to settle the matter.

The Evening Post says of Mr. Smith's withdrawal of his stamp-scheme:

The unexpected opposition exhibited towards his scheme in America has induced Mr. Smith to announce publicly that he will not press it upon the notice of Congress, but leave the field free for the combined efforts of the Authors' and Publishers' Copyright Leagues and the friends of unrestricted copyright legislation. This last is something very different from his proposed law entitling the alien owner of literary property to a totally different kind of legal protection from that already accorded to the native author—a state of things which could result only in great confusion and ultimate injustice and wrong. Mr. Smith admits that his method can only apply to the comparatively few most popular works, and if he will carefully scrutinize the list of these, he may perhaps convince himself that they are not the very best books to cheapen in price for the sake of securing their greatest possible distribution among the masses. It is a laudable desire to wish to educate the poorest of our people by bringing good books within their reach at the cheapest possible *honest* price, but a little reflection should convince Mr. Smith that that is something entirely aside from the subject of copyright, international or domestic. He has himself instanced France as a country where new books are issued in cheap form (and we may add in good form), and sell in such large numbers as to pay both authors and publishers a handsome return; and yet this is done under what Mr. Smith would call a 'monopoly' copyright law. There is a field for his intelligent activity in trying to bring about a similar state of things in this country, and in the meantime he should find consolation in the fact that he has the whole volume of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson to draw upon for his cheap reprints for educational purposes, and that he can use this vast material with the least possible injustice to any one.

The Fine Arts

The Water-Color Society.

A GLANCE at the twenty-first exhibition of the American Water-Color Society, which opened on Monday at the Academy of Design, confirms the impression that the water-color medium is that in which Americans are most at home. A sparkling, brilliant collection of pictures is presented. The inequalities of our oil exhibitions are absent, and the faculty of adaptation, the knowledge of how to take advantage of accidents, which belongs to the American genius, is visible at its high-water mark of development. This exhibition proves conclusively that aquarelle and gouache now meet on common ground in the hands of our painters. Here are H. W. Ranger's gray impressions of nature and of street-life, beginning with Amsterdam and France and ending with Madison Square, this city. All are true and vivid, and grasped with perfect command of that form of the medium which Mr. Ranger has made his own by improving upon the Dutch methods. Horatio Walker, in 'Evening,' also gives us work in the Dutch manner.

Winslow Homer, John Lafarge, Louis C. Tiffany and John Johnston form a splendid group of colorists. Homer's Florida subjects and his farm-lad gathering pumpkins are in his best manner—at once impressionistic in feeling and decorative in quality. Mr. Lafarge's Japanese subjects and his 'Salome,' Mr. Johnston's Spanish cathedral interior, and Mr. Tiffany's 'Feeding the Flamingoes' and Californian themes, are treated richly and solidly. Some of the best work in pure water-color is seen in Irving Wiles's crisp and delicate studies in which pretty young women play a prominent part. They

are luminous, transparent and very good in color. Hamilton Hamilton, in his large wood scene, does clever things with opaque color. F. S. Church presents a Cupid in a tobogganing-suit taking leave of a little girl, while a car drawn by white bears is waiting to take him away. Under the title 'Beauty and the Beast,' the same artist shows a tiger drinking from a pool on which rests a white lily. C. D. Weldon has a clever study of a Barye bronze lion in the Luxembourg Garden. Thure de Thulstrup exhibits a large military subject handled with considerable spirit. J. Alden Weir's 'Preparing for Christmas' shows a lady and child arranging Christmas greens in front of a large window. The effect of light is very good. Herbert Denman calls his striking head of a girl with blue-black hair 'Nicolette.'

The classic vein is exploited with great success by Wm. Magrath, whose 'Bacchic Dance' is conceived and executed in a manner that suggests Alma Tadema. Edwin H. Blashfield is equally successful with the same sort of subject, differently treated. 'Unveiling the Bride: a Souvenir of Tanagra' is very suggestive of the Tanagra statuettes in its grace and delicacy of style. A. M. Turner has a large composition which recalls the English school in sentiment and treatment. It shows a woman kneeling in the dusky aisle of a church, while an old man and a little girl look at her from a distance. A pretty Japanese conceit by Albert Herter is called 'The Trousseau.' It mingles Japanese stuffs and Japanese damsels in a harmonious whole. Wm. H. Lippincott's 'Stolen Moments,' a girl reading, is very well painted and good in color. W. H. Shelton's 'Across the Hills,' two girls at a gap in a stone wall, is noticeable for its accuracy and precision in rendering the structure of tree and stone. Miss Greatorex has several large flower-subjects. Frederick W. Freer shows an apparently life-size figure of a girl in black, with a yellow petticoat, taking a flower from a jar on a dark-red pedestal. The success of this figure might well set the fashion of painting large portraits in water-color. Mr. Robert Blum's 'Venetian Pumpkin-Seller' unites the value of a dozen other works. It has color, style, technical merit and charm of subject. Mr. Dielman's 'In October,' a young woman in a black gauzy gown with chrysanthemums in her hand, contains capital texture-painting and is agreeable in its sentiment.

Two prizes, each of \$300, are offered this year to be voted for by the members of the Society on Wednesday next, Feb. 8. One is offered by Mr. W. T. Evans, for the best landscape or marine painted in this country by an American artist; and the other by Mrs. Frank Leslie, for the best still-life or figure subject, produced under the same conditions.

Art Notes.

MR. GEORGE W. MAYNARD has returned from St. Augustine, Florida, where he has just completed the elaborate decorations of the new Ponce de Leon Hotel. The designs were the work of Mr. Hastings, the architect of the hotel, and of Mr. Maynard, who executed the figures in oil on plaster. The cupola of the rotunda is decorated with arabesque designs. On the ceiling about it are four standing female figures and four seated. The first four represent Earth, Air, Fire and Water, with their respective attributes. The seated figures represent Adventure, Discovery, Conquest and Civilization—the four periods through which the city of St. Augustine has passed since 1564. The figures are treated in light colors on a silver ground and the ornaments are in yellow and white. Olive-green, blue, crimson and white are used in the draperies, and the cuirasses and helmets are in gold. Eight colossal figures in the dining-room represent the four seasons. Cherubs with interlaced wings play an important part in the decorative scheme. The frieze depicts a procession of boys drinking, frolicking with seahorses, etc. The music gallery is decorated with figures of dancers and musicians treated in the classic manner. Mr. Maynard's paintings form the most important part of the splendid decorations of the new hotel.

—The sales at the Water-Color include William McGrath's 'Bacchic Dance,' \$2500; Charles Mente's 'Sunday Afternoon,' \$650; T. W. Wood's 'Broken Parasol,' \$600; L. C. Tiffany's 'Feeding Flamingoes,' \$600; F. C. Dielman's 'In October,' \$400; and Albert Herter's 'The Trousseau,' \$125. The sales on buyers' day reached \$9234 (catalogue prices) for seventy-five works.

—In lieu of the regular exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society this year, 127 pictures contributed by different American artists in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Society were on view at the Mathews Gallery in Cedar Street for several days previous to their sale at auction on Tuesday and Wednesday. Among the artists represented were Fowler, Dielman, Martin, Eaton, Hoeber, Ochtmann, Freer, Hamilton, Nicholls, Harry Chase, Irwin, Dolph and Bunner.

—St. James's (Catholic) Church, this city, has been beautified by the insertion of stained glass windows executed at the Royal Bavarian Art Institute (F. X. Zettler), Munich, under the auspices of Prof. Andreas Müller, who has reproduced his own picture of the Nativity in one of the windows. There are eight windows with large compositions and life-size figures, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Nailing on the Cross. The other windows above the galleries show the twelve Apostles, St. Bridget, St. Patrick, the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary, and singing angels. The windows are in the florid German manner, treated as paintings, without decorative application. They are of the best of the school to which they belong. The feast-day vestments at this church present magnificent examples of ecclesiastical embroideries. They are said to be finer than those at the Cathedral, and were made at Montpelier, France. There are some of American work in the collection.

—Mr. W. H. Goodyear, Curator of the Metropolitan Museum, has been dismissed from his position owing, it is said, to his sympathy with Mr. Stimson and his pupils in the troubles of the technical schools connected with the Museum.

—A loan collection of American paintings, owned by members of the Club and never before exhibited, will be shown by the New York Athletic Club at its reception to-day (Saturday).

—An art-club is being organized at Milwaukee which has for its aims the holding of exhibitions, the purchase of paintings, and the annual publication of an engraving for members only.

—The Albert S. Spencer collection of sixty pictures, mostly small and of great merit, will probably be sold this season after exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Galleries. It includes works by Millet, Delacroix, Troyon, Fromentin, Breton, Meissonier, Gerome and Daubigny.

—The Boston Art Club has purchased F. W. Freer's portrait of Mrs. Freer in a black gown, which is at once a pleasing and attractive picture and an excellent piece of portraiture. Two other pictures out of the six purchased were by New York artists. They were an autumn landscape, by Charles W. Eaton, and a bit of the Merrimac River, by G. H. Smillie.

—Mr. William T. Walters's private gallery, Baltimore, will be open to the public on certain days until the last of April, for the benefit of the poor. Since it was closed last April, additions have been made to it, amounting in value to \$150,000, and including Rousseau's 'Early Summer,' Diaz's 'Assumption,' Daubigny's 'Coming Storm,' Meissonier's '1814,' Fortuny's 'Snake-Charmer,' Couture's 'Day-Dreams,' 'The Shepherdess,' a pastel by Millet, two portraits of Meissonier by himself, and several examples of Leys, Boughton and Israels. There are also fifty-three water-colors. The additions to the collection, including ceramics and bric-à-brac, are valued at \$150,000.

Mr. Whittier's Autobiography.

[The Boston Herald.]

THE following sketch, written by Mr. Whittier with his own hand a few years ago in response to inquiries made of him, gives the main points of interest in a long and useful life. It has never been given to the world generally:

'I was born on the 17th of December, 1807, in the easterly part of Haverhill, Mass., in the house built by my first American ancestor, 200 years ago. My father was a farmer, in moderate circumstances—a man of good natural ability and sound judgment. For a great many years he was one of the selectmen of the town, and was often called upon to act as arbitrator in matters at issue between neighbors. My mother was Abigail Hussey of Rollinsford, N. H. [A bachelor uncle and a maiden aunt, both of whom I remember with much affection, lived in the family. The farm was not a profitable one; it was burdened with debt, and we had no spare money; but with strict economy we lived comfortably and respectably. Both my parents were members of the Society of Friends. I had a brother and two sisters. Our home was somewhat lonely, half hidden in oak woods, with no house in sight, and we had few companions of our age and few occasions of recreation. Our school was only for 12 weeks in a year—in the depth of winter and half a mile distant. At an early age I was set at work on the farm and doing errands for my mother, who in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed in the family. On first days father and mother, and sometimes one of the children, rode down to the Friends' meeting-house in Amesbury, eight miles distant. I think I rather enjoyed staying at home and wandering in the woods, or climbing Job's Hill, which rose abruptly from the brook which rippled down at the foot of our garden. From the top of the hill I

could see the blue outline of the Deerfield mountains in New Hampshire, and the solitary peak of Agamenticus on the coast of Maine. A curving line of morning mist marked the course of the Merrimac, and Great Pond, or Kenosha, stretched away from the foot of the hill toward the village of Haverhill hidden from sight by intervening hills and woods, but which sent to us the sound of its two church bells. We had only about 20 volumes of books, most of them the journals of pioneer ministers in our society. Our only annual was an almanac. I was early fond of reading, and now and then heard of a book of biography or travel, and walked miles to borrow it.

When I was 14 years old my first schoolmaster, Joshua Collin, the able, eccentric historian of Newbury, brought with him to our house a volume of Burns' poems, from which he read, greatly to my delight. I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect at its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read—with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student—and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter of fact about me. My father always had a weekly newspaper, and when young Garrison started his *Free Press* at Newburyport, he took it in the place of the *Haverhill Gazette*. My sister, who was two years older than myself, sent one of my poetical attempts to the editor. Some weeks afterward the newscarrrier came along on horseback, and threw the paper out from his saddle-bags. My uncle and I were mending fences. I took up the sheet, and was surprised and overjoyed to see my lines in the "Poet's Corner." I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself. Soon after, Garrison came to our farmhouse, and I was called in from hoeing in the cornfield to see him. He encouraged me, and urged my father to send me to school. I longed for education, but the means to procure it were wanting. Luckily, the young man who worked for us on the farm in summer, eked out his small income by making ladies' shoes and slippers in the winter; and I learned enough of him to earn a sum sufficient to carry me through a term of six months in the Haverhill Academy. The next winter I ventured upon another expedition for raising money, and kept a district school in the adjoining town of Amesbury, thereby enabling me to have another academy term. The next winter I spent in Boston, writing for a paper. Returning in the spring, while at work on the farm, I was surprised by an invitation to take charge of the Hartford (Conn.) *Review*, in the place of the famous George D. Prentice, who had removed to Kentucky. I had sent him some of my school "compositions," which he had received favorably. I was unwilling to lose the chance of doing something more in accordance with my taste, and, though I felt my unfitness for the place, I accepted it, and remained nearly two years, when I was called home by the illness of my father, who died soon after. I then took charge of the farm and worked hard to "make both ends meet"; and, aided by my mother's and sister's thrift and economy, in some measure succeeded.

As a member of the Society of Friends, I had been educated to regard slavery as a great and dangerous evil, and my sympathies were strongly enlisted for the oppressed slaves by my intimate acquaintance with William Lloyd Garrison. When the latter started his paper in Vermont in 1828, I wrote him a letter commending his views upon slavery, intemperance and war, and assuring him that he was destined to do great things. In 1833 I was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. I was one of the secretaries of the convention and signed its declaration. In 1835 I was in the Massachusetts Legislature. I was mobbed in Concord, N. H., in company with George Thompson, afterward member of the British Parliament, and narrowly escaped from great danger. I kept Thompson, whose life was hunted for, concealed in our lonely farm house for two weeks. I was in Boston during the great mob in Washington Street, soon after, and was threatened with personal violence. In 1837 I was in New York, in conjunction with Henry B. Stanton and Theodore D. Weld, in the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. The next year I took charge of the Pennsylvania *Freeman*, an organ of the Anti-Slavery Society. My office was sacked and burned by a mob soon after, but I continued my paper until my health failed, when I returned to Massachusetts. The farm in Haverhill had, in the meantime, been sold, and my mother, aunt, and youngest sister, had moved to Amesbury, near the Friends' Meeting-house, and I took up my residence with them. All this time I had been actively engaged in writing for the anti-slavery cause. In 1833 I printed at my own expense an edition of my first pamphlet, "Justice and Expediency." With the exception of a few dollars from the Democratic *Review* and Buckingham's *Magazine*, I received nothing for my poems and

literary articles. Indeed, my pronounced views on slavery made my name too unpopular for a publisher's uses. I edited in 1844 the *Middlesex Standard*, and afterward became associate editor of the *National Era* at Washington. I early saw the necessity of separate political action on the part of abolitionists, and was one of the founders of the Liberty party—the germ of the present Republican party.

In 1857 an edition of my complete poems up to that time was published by Ticknor & Fields. "In War Time" followed in 1864, and in 1865 "Snow Bound." In 1860 I was chosen a member of the Electoral College of Massachusetts, and also in 1864. I have been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College and a Trustee of Brown University. But while feeling and willing to meet all the responsibilities of citizenship, and deeply interested in questions which concern the welfare and honor of the country, I have as a rule declined overtures for acceptance of public stations. I have always taken an active part in elections, but have not been willing to add my own example to the greed of office.

I have been a member of the Society of Friends by birthright, and by a settled conviction of the truth of its principles and the importance of its testimonies, while at the same time I have a kind feeling toward all those who are seeking, in different ways from mine, to serve God and benefit their fellow-men.

Neither of my sisters are living. My dear mother, to whom I owe much every way, died in 1858. [His brother, Matthew Franklin Whittier, died in 1883.]

My health was never robust; I inherited from both my parents a sensitive, nervous temperament; and one of my earliest recollections is of pain in the head, from which I have suffered all my life. For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time; often not so long. Of late, my hearing has been defective. But in many ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving; and, grateful to the divine providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth. My experience confirms the words of old time, that "it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." Claiming no exemption from the sins and follies of our common humanity, I dare not complain of their inevitable penalties. I have had to learn renunciation and submission, and

knowing
That kindly Providence its care is showing
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.

The American Salon.

[From an article by Virginia G. Ellard, in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.]

SOCIETY, as now recognized in America, consists of numerous little personal coteries, diverse in tastes, without any strength in union and without interest in each other. No effort has been made to draw these together by a common bond, but on the contrary, artificial barriers are constantly interposed to thrust them still farther apart. There is nothing in our social relations to give American society a national significance, and for this reason we are constantly misconstrued and misrepresented by our foreign brethren.

The general impression prevails that the pursuit of wealth absorbs every other ambition, that democracy has corrupted our principles to such an extent that anything like broad intellectual ideas among the mass of the people is an utter impossibility. This restless activity of Americans in business pursuits is supposed to unfit the majority of men for work requiring contemplation and thought. There seems to be no time for the concentration of mind in any intelligent work, aside from those who are professional in these occupations. In view of such adverse conditions it has been doubted whether, as a literary adjunct to our social element, the American salon could be encouraged and sustained.

We owe to the salon in the past more than one man-of-letters, who would have remained unhonored and unknown without this discipline. Many a literary man has been more benefited by the keen perception and penetrating criticism of an intellectual woman upon his work, than by the cold, technical comments of his own sex. It may be that grace of manner is a powerful factor in lessening the sting of sharp criticism, as well as an aid and encouragement to inspiration. The power underlying an attractive manner in a woman is incalculable. We see it working almost imperceptibly, and with such efficacy that others insensibly follow in adaptation to her ideas and modes of expression. The higher possibilities of our women could be thus evolved, proving that the mental machinery of others could be set in motion by this sharp intellectual contact. This contest with masculine metal would test the intellectual calibre of our women and spur them on towards a desire to assert their equality in this respect at least. The salon could be

made the means of giving women a larger interest in each other; as from its very nature and character it should be devoted to the promulgation of intelligence in its broadest sense, the emulation here could not be a petty one. In striving to maintain a proper position within its circles, women would rise above the limitations of those friends whose minds never reach beyond a certain restricted channel. As a general thing, we all know that the majority of women take refuge in very trivial themes in their social conversation; recognizing this fact, men seldom obtrude any serious or earnest subject, but, with polite deference, simply allow women to choose their own.

To educated people no contest is more instructive, entertaining and inspiring than a conversation between a man and a woman of equal wit and intellectual force, where bright ideas, true sentiment and incisive thought are the mental shuttle-cocks which wisdom and experience enable them to aim, with unerring accuracy, toward each other. The excitement is as exhilarating as it is suggestive to our own brains, and sets their flagging energies to work quite as well as any other methods of study. If we would reap the best results from our reading and study, this interchange of thought would make our mental researches doubly significant. Men and women would be surprised at the spontaneity and readiness of suggested ideas. It is this strong, congenial human contact which vitalizes thought and enlarges sympathies. It takes people out of themselves to broader and more comprehensive life, unfolding powers they never knew they possessed.

Byron.

[Louis Belrose, in a privately printed volume.]

O SINGER of the summit and the sea,
O lover of the tempest, that divined
The language of the lightning and the wind,
Byron! the very air is full of thee.
Thy song was of the mountains and the free
Far-rolling ocean, where thine ears could find
Relief from rattle of the chains that bind
The tortured spirit of humanity.
A forest is thy poem, where my soul
Roams on through tropic luxury to climb
The snow-clad glorious heights that top the whole.
But there be those that root amid the slime
For noxious weeds; and when they find, extol
The little kitchen-gardeners of rhyme.
In view of the Villa Diodati, near Geneva.

Notes.

THE Story of the States Series, which we announced on Jan. 21 as in preparation by D. Lothrop Co., Boston, is to be edited by Mr. E. S. Brooks, himself a well-known writer for the young. The first volumes will appear in the spring. Mr. Brooks's 'New York,' Alexander Black's 'Ohio' and Maurice Thompson's 'Louisiana' being now ready. The assignment of writers for the remaining volumes is, so far as determined, as follows: California, Noah Brooks; Maryland, John R. Coryell; Massachusetts, Edward Everett Hale; Virginia, Marion Harland; Missouri, Jessie Benton Frémont; Vermont, John Heaton; Texas, E. S. Nadal; Colorado, Charles M. Skinner; South Carolina, Thomas Nelson Page; Kentucky, Emma M. Connolly; the District of Columbia, Edmund Alton; Maine, Almon Gunnison; Pennsylvania, Olive Risley Seward. The name of the series was suggested, no doubt, by the Putnam's popular Story of the Nations Series. In character and tone it is intended to be better adapted to the use of young readers than Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s excellent series on the American Commonwealths. The price is to be \$1.50 per volume.

—Friends of the late Sidney Lanier met in Baltimore yesterday (Friday), on the occasion of his forty-sixth birthday, to commemorate his skill as a poet and musician, and unite in offering to the Johns Hopkins University his likeness in bronze, after the model made from life by Mr. Ephraim Keyser. We hope to give some account of this memorial meeting next week.

—The present month is noticeable as a favorite birth-month of the English-writing poets. The list of February's children includes, besides Lanier (Feb. 3, 1842), the following: 'Kit' Marlowe (26th, 1564), Lamb (18th, 1775), Longfellow (27th, 1807), Poe (19th, 1809), Dickens (7th, 1812), W. W. Story (19th, 1819), Rose Terry Cooke (17th, 1827), R. W. Gilder (8th, 1844), Sara Flower Adams (24th, 1805), G. W. Curtis (24th, 1824) and Lowell (22d, 1819).

—Mr. William H. Bishop publishes in *The Evening Post* (Jan. 30) a very interesting article, three columns in length, on Mme. Marie Thérèse Blanc ('Th. Bentzon'), the graceful writer and tran-

slator who has done so much to familiarize the French with American literature. Mme. Blanc's maiden name was De Solms, and her *nom-de-plume* is a combination of her Christian name (Thérèse) and the maiden name of her mother, the Comtesse d'Aure, a lady of Danish extraction. Her latest, or one of her latest, contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (Sept. 15) was a paper on the 'out-of-doors' school of writers in America, noticed in these columns on Dec. 24. 'A Chat with Th. Bentzon,' by Le Cocq de Lautreppe, was the leading article in THE CRITIC of October 22.

—Mme. Modjeska made her re-entrance in this city on Monday, appearing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre as 'Camille.' She has never played the part with greater success. To-night (Saturday) she makes her first appearance as Imogen in Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline.' Her New York season will close next Saturday.

—Mr. George Riddle read to a large audience in Chickering Hall on Tuesday afternoon a comic sketch by Mr. John T. Wheelwright, the novelist, called 'Boston Fads.'

—From J. W. Bouton we have just received a 'rough list' of works constituting the library of C. W. Havemeyer, which he has just placed upon his shelves. The library is particularly strong in the department of fine arts, comprising almost all the notable art publications, both old and new. A unique book is Sir Charles Price's copy of 'Spence's Anecdotes,' extended to four volumes by the insertion of autograph letters, many hundreds of fine rare plates, portraits, views, etc., mostly in proof state, at a cost of \$1000.

—Prof. Asa Gray of Harvard, the distinguished botanist, died on Monday at the age of seventy-seven. He was the father of American botany, and his works were classic in their department.

—Mr. James Redpath, managing editor of *The North American Review*, was lying at the point of death when to-day's CRITIC went to press.

—Mr. Frederick C. Brightly, a well-known lawyer and writer of law-books, died at his home in Philadelphia last week. He was born at Bungay, England, in 1812, and came to America at the age of nineteen. One of his sons, a graduate of West Point, was killed in the Civil War.

—Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, formerly President of the Imperial Japanese University of Tokio, has rendered a great service to scholarship, and the mastery of the Mikado's native tongue, by printing his 'Synopsis of the Japanese Verb in all its Conjugations.' It is a superb piece of scholarship, notwithstanding that it consists only of a sheet or conspectus, and a pamphlet or text of 95 pages.

—The experiment of manual training in the public schools is to be begun on Monday.

—Mr. Leland's 'Practical Education,' recently referred to in these columns as a much-rejected book, is in the press of Whitaker & Co., London, who will also issue a series of manuals from the same hand, entitled 'Home Arts and Industries.'

—Homer Greene's prize story for boys, 'The Blind Brother,' has been brought out in an English edition; it has also been translated into German.

—February's additions to Ticknor's Paper Series will be Mary F. Tiernan's 'Homoselle' and E. W. Howe's 'A Moonlight Boy.'

—Mrs. Wallace, wife of the author of 'Ben Hur,' has written a book called 'The Land of the Pueblos,' which J. B. Alden will publish early in the spring. Gen. Wallace was Governor of New Mexico before he became Minister to Turkey.

—We record with regret the death last Sunday of Miss Mary Parsons Hankey, who in June of last year distinguished herself by being the first graduate of the course for women in Columbia College. She had passed the Harvard test examinations in twenty subjects, and was versed in literature, languages, mathematics, the natural sciences, painting, drawing, music, and—it is said—house-keeping. Since last fall she had been an instructor in Mrs. Sylvanus Reed's school for girls in this city, in which Miss Cleveland also is an instructor.

—The Trivulzio library, the second part of which will begin to be sold at auction by George A. Leavitt & Co., on Tuesday next, Feb. 7, is said to contain more works dating from the Thirteenth to the Seventeenth Centuries than often drift into the open book-market in this country. The first part was sold last year, and 'netted' over \$8000.

—D. Lothrop Co. give further details concerning their ninety-four prizes for contributions suitable for publication in *Wide Awake*, whether essays, stories, anecdotes, poems or humorous trifles. These prizes foot up \$2000. One is of \$500, one of \$300, two of \$100, five of \$50, ten of \$25, twenty-five of \$10, and fifty of \$5. Trifles stand as good a chance as longer productions. 'A sentence to live forever,' they say, 'is surely more worthy of a prize than a book to plague the booksellers and go to the ragman.'

—Ticknor & Co. make a number of interesting announcements. For instance, in April they will issue the Mendelssohn-Moscheles correspondence, translated by Felix Moscheles, the son of Mendelssohn's friend. Only a few of these letters have appeared in *Scribner's*. The volume is to be illustrated, and will be published in the same form as the Longfellow correspondence. In March Messrs. Ticknor will publish Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's new book, 'The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport.' This month they will issue a novel of American life in Paris and Nice by Mark Hopkins, a son of the late President of Williams College. Another of their forthcoming publications is 'Harvard Reminiscences,' by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, the much-loved Preacher to the University. A portrait of the author, who has known Harvard intimately for over sixty years, is to be the frontispiece of the book.

—Mr. William Archer's papers on the 'Anatomy of Acting,' now appearing in *Longman's*, will be revised and published separately as a little treatise on the histrionic art.

—Besides the quatrains by Mr. Browning and Mr. Whittier, written for windows in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, two others have been written for similar windows there, one on Caxton, by Lord Tennyson, the other on Raleigh, by Mr. Lowell. Here is the Laureate's quatrain on the first English printer, whose motto was *Fiat Lux*:

Thy prayer was, 'Light, more light, while time shall last !'
Thou sawest a glory's growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

And here is Mr. Lowell's on Raleigh:

The New World's Sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her Past from which our Present grew,
This window we erect to Raleigh's name.

—Among the latest additions to Cassell & Co.'s National Library are Dryden's Poems, Southey's 'Colloquies of Society,' Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' Selden's Table-Talk, further extracts from Pepys's Diary, Defoe's 'Essays upon Projects' and Dickens's 'Cricket on the Hearth.'

—The Writer's Signature, 'Shorthand in Journalism,' 'Should Reporters Express Opinions?' 'Plagiarism,' 'What Readers Want,' and 'The Literary Workshop,' are among the topics discussed in the February number of *The Writer*.

—A pamphlet has been issued from the Government Printing-Office, containing a report of the proceedings of the Bench and Bar of the Supreme Court in memory of Justice William B. Woods. The meeting was held in October.

—Of the \$500,000 capital of the new firm of Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, Rivington & Co., Limited, only \$375,000 was retained by the original members of the firm.

—Mr. Cecil Hampden Howard (who now signs himself 'C. H. Cutts Howard') announces that his 'History and Genealogy of the Cutts Family' will be published in an edition limited to 300 copies, at \$5.00 a volume. After publication, all that remain will be sold at an advanced price.

—Prof. R. B. Anderson's 'Norse Mythology' has just appeared in a Danish translation, made by Dr. Fr. Winkel Horn from the fourth English edition.

—The next publication of the Dunlap Society will be a Life of Thomas A. Cooper, by Mr. Joseph N. Ireland, now printing at the De Vinne Press. It will have for a frontispiece a reproduction of a rare portrait of the actor.

—At the British Museum, during the recent fog in London, no books, except such as are in the galleries of the reading-room itself, were procurable for some days. The reading-room is lighted by electricity, but the mass of the library is not lighted at all, and on dark days no books can be obtained.

—The *Targum*, the tri-weekly organ of the students of Rutgers College, has just begun publishing brief articles on what books a college student would do well to read. The first is by the Rev. Washington Gladden.

—A stained-glass window, recently set up in the parish Church of Elstow, the birthplace of Bunyan, forms the jubilee memorial for Elstow. Two of the other windows in the same church illustrate 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'The Holy War.'

—Chas. Scribner's Sons have in press 'Society in Rome under the Cæsars,' by William Ralph Inge.

—American Fisheries, a popular treatise on the game and food fishes of America, by Prof. C. Brown Goode, of the United States Fish Commission, will be brought out in March as a subscription book by the Standard Book Co. of this city.

—Mr. Ruskin has completed the remaining twelve chapters of his Autobiography, which will, *The Pall Mall Gazette* understands, be issued *en bloc*, instead of in parts as heretofore. He is also at work on another article for *The Magazine of Art*, with drawings and an autobiographical sketch. For the same magazine Walt Whitman has written a poem called 'Twenty Years.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1318.—Kindly inform me where I can find the old song, 'Call Me Pet Names.' I used to sing it some thirty years ago. I am a regular reader of THE CRITIC, and watch for its coming. It reaches India about five weeks after its publication.

Cawnpore, India.

N. M. M.

[As stated in this column on Dec 31, the song was written by the late Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood. C. H. Ditson & Co., New York, have it in sheet form, at 25 cts.]

No. 1319.—I. Please recommend some good work on American literature and contemporary authors.—2. Where can I find a criticism on Whitman's writings? What is his place among men-of-letters, and on what is his position based? Judging from his 'Leaves of Grass,' what is there to say about his poetry and literary style? Is he married, and has he a family? What are his views on monogamy?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. D. P.

[I. For critical papers on the poets, see E. C. Stedman's 'Poets of America' (\$2, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) For personal sketches, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's 'Famous American Authors' (\$1.50, T. Y. Crowell & Co.), and Wm. H. Rideing's 'Boyhood of Living Authors' (\$1.25, same publishers). See also Prof. C. F. Richardson's 'Primer of American Literature' (30 cts.) and Oscar Fay Adams's 'Handbook of American Authors' (75 cts.), both published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—2. See 'Poets of America'; also, review of 'Leaves of Grass' in THE CRITIC of Nov. 5, 1881, reprinted in 'Essays from THE CRITIC' (\$1, The Critic Co.). As a poet he is ridiculed but not read by the many, praised without being read by a considerable number, and read and thoroughly appreciated by an audience 'fit though few.' He has no popular following. He is not married, and we do not know his views on the subject of monogamy.]

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Acropolis at Athens, Map of. Townsend Maccombs.
Alexander, Mrs. Mona's Choice. 25c. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.
Bannatyn, D. J. Republican Institutions in the United States. Scribner & Welford.
Barnard, Chas. The Triple Wedding. 15c. Harold Roorbach.
Barrett, F. The Great Hesper. 25c. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.
Besral. A Baton for a Heart. 50c. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.
Burnett, John. Practical Essays on Art. Edw. L. Wilson.
Child, F. S. Be Strong to Hope. Baker Taylor Co.
Coles, Abraham. The Psalms in English Verse. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.
Demarest, M. L. My Ain Countree. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Dickens, C. Cricket on the Hearth. 10c. Harold Roorbach.
Fairbank, H. W. The School Album. 30c. S. R. Winchell.
Gage, A. P. Introduction to Physical Science. \$1.10. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gunnery, The Master of the. Gunn Memorial Association.
Haggard, H. R. Las Minas del Rey Salomón. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Harte, Bret. A Phyllis of the Sierras. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hastie, W. Outlines of Jurisprudence. Scribner & Welford.
Henshaw, H. W. Perforated Stones in California. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Herbert, B. Second Sight. 15c. Harold Roorbach.
Holmes, W. H. The Use of Gold. etc. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Huffcutt, E. W. English in the Preparatory Schools. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Lindley and Widney. California of the South. \$2. D. Appleton & Co.
Mitchell, S. Weir. A Masque and Other Poems. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Oliphant, Mrs., & Aldrich, T. B. The Second Son. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Payn, James. A Prince of the Blood. 25c. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.
Pearson, F. W. Miflon. Welles Pub. Co.
Pearson, K. The Ethic of Free Thought. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Philips, F. C. Jack and Three Jills. 25c. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.
Pilling, J. C. Bibliography of the Eskimo Language. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Pilling, J. C. Bibliography of the Siouzan Languages. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Ramona, The Home of. \$1.50. Los Angeles: Chas. F. Lummis & Co.
Riddell, Mrs. J. H. Nun's Course. 50c. D. Appleton & Co.
Ruete, Emily. Memoirs of an Arabian Princess. 75c. D. Appleton & Co.
Seven Hundred Album Verses. 15c. J. S. Uglivie & Co.
Southwick, A. P. A Quiz Book on Teaching. \$1. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Stockwell, C. T. The Evolution of Immortality. \$1. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
Theological Essays; or, the Second Death. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Thomas, Cyrus. Work in Mound Exploration. Government Printing Office.
Thomas, F. S. University Degrees. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.